

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Tribune.

To Hope.

"Dreams! Dreams!" Herd's Nigres.
Though thou art beautiful,
To me, fond Hope, thou art a fearful guest.
For thy sweet whisperings I pray thee cease,
Nor bring unbidden to my heart
With longings deep, that are adverse to peace
And quiet rest.

Come not upon my dreams
With thy fond words, sweet Siren, I implore:
The wine of Promise, drunk in credulous sleep,
A leaping current through my veins hath poured,
And brings me images I dare not keep;
I'd dream no more.

I know that thou art kind,
And fain would bless me with thy joyous song.
But I'm admonished by a fearful fad,
That e'en thy kindness can't do me wrong.
For thy fair pictures are "too bright to last,"
Or cheat me long.

No, keep thy words for those
Whose slumbering hearts, to quiet stillness wed,
Have never known deep joy's exulting thrill.
Nor with the wounds of cutting sorrow bleed,
But can again, with other pleasures fill,
When thou art long.

Too long I dwell; 't is now
While I deny thee entrance to my breast,
Thou'lt turn my thoughts from rushing on my heart,
And feel me unto itself confessed;
Sweet Chatterer, I beseech thee to depart
And let me rest.
Collinsville, Illinois.

The Man who was Suspicious.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

In a recent number of an English magazine we find the following excellent sketch, written by Alfred Crowquill. Our limits will not permit us to give the long and less interesting introduction; but will simply say, that a moderately wealthy, but very happy and contented, country gentleman has gathered his family and friends around a bright and ruddy fire on Christmas Eve, and, in accordance with his long established custom, relates the following story:

"You all know the sheep-sheds in our lower croft, by Windy Gap, (said he.) Before I built those sheds, when it first came into my possession, I had often endeavored to reclaim it; but many vain attempts I gave the obstinate bit up in despair, and put it to its present use. It is a desolate looking nook, and in its appearance carries out to a miracle the scenes of happiness enacted upon its site.

William Mawby was born there, of parents well to do in the world, with everything about their farm in a thriving state. As a mere child, he was of a peevish, solitary nature. This I have heard from good authority; for I only became acquainted with him as I entered my first school, and he was just on the point of leaving it.

Consequently, when I returned home for good to my parents' roof he was a grown man, and I was a stripling. As so short a distance divided his father's farm from ours, I soon fell over him, and renewed our acquaintance. His occupation was a foreshadowing of his miserable character: he was diligently inspecting a hedge that divided a close from the main road. He thought he had discovered evident traces of some one having passed into the field through the said hedge.

I laughed at his wise and serious face, drawn into a look of profound wisdom for so trifling an occasion. "My young friend," said he, "men are ruined by trifles. It is not the broken hedge I value; but I suspect the trespasser passed through that gap upon some unlawful purpose; but I'll be even with them now my suspicions are aroused."

With that he tapped the side of his nose, and went on his way most suspiciously uncomfortable.

The next day, to the amusement of the village, a large board appeared staring over the hedge, with the announcement of all sorts of penalties and spring-guns to the unwary trespassers. His old father was a merry-hearted, plain old man, who never put himself under the infliction of doubts; for he believed that men were all pretty considerably honest, as the world went, and he had not the slightest idea that he was better than anybody else; consequently, he smoked his pipe in calm contentment, and let the world wag.

His suspicious son soon disturbed his blissful equanimity; for, much to his annoyance, he found padlocks placed upon things that had hitherto been open to all. His neighbor had to wait for his glass of ale while he found his son, and his son found the key; for he, the contriver, was not always sure where he had hidden it.

Poor William's principal torment was his suspicions of his own father. His lynx-eyes soon fathomed the soft, easy temper of his parent, and saw a thousand ways where, in his disposition might be turned to account by the cunning dealers on market days, when the ale was uppermost at their simple friendly dinners, in which the old man delighted, and which it would have been difficult to wean him from—as, although yielding good-natured, he was too tough and independent to be dictated to by anybody. Another painful thorn in his side was an aged aunt, to whom the old man took a well-earned weekly basket. She lived on a small stipend in the market town. She had two daughters. The old man often took his sobering cup of tea with them on his return. He might leave them something comfortable. The thought was tormenting.

His suspicions carried him every market day to dodge his father, with the show of the most sincere affection; which the unsuspecting old man, with his heart glad, reported to his plain simple dame, who rejoiced with him over their imagined treasure.

He was at this time about eight-and-twenty, and, as he would, he could not escape a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks that caught him in the before-mentioned market town on one of his suspicious visits.

He soon scraped an acquaintance, after having by great assiduity found out that her father was a retired miller, of good fortune, and that she was an only child. He thought this a safe investment. His position and appearance soon gained him permission to continue his visits; which were, in fact, continual, for he was always under the apprehension that when the cat is away the mice will play, and that some other might snap up his valuable mouse. He did not neglect quite assured as to the old man's positive possessions, so he made it his business in a thousand tortuous ways to make inquiries.

This could not go on so quietly, but it at last reached the old miller's ears, who good naturedly put it down to the young man's prudent forethought; but, on inquiry, he discovered that it proceeded from a doubt of his respectability and veracity. The miller was a shrewd old man, and determined, before it was too late, to find out whether the young visitor might not be wanting in some of the qualities he thought necessary for the girl's happiness.

The old banker was a chum of the miller's, through whose instrumentality he had invested large sums in excellent mortgages. He allowed himself to be pumped by Mawby, with the connivance of the miller; and, consequently, by winking replies to his eager inquiries, made out the miller to be a little less than insolvent.

William's affection sank down to zero, although it had for months been burning, according to his own account, like two or three tins of combined. His suspicions, then, were true. What an escape! thought he. So it was, for the fortunate girl. He proceeded to his intended one's house. It being dark, he crept over the garden palings, and sneaked up towards the shutter. Here he vainly attempted to peep through the crevices. Here, while endeavoring to make out a murmured conversation, in which he thought he heard his own name mentioned, he was pinned by the miller's dog, who, poor brute, was cured with the youth's fault of suspicion, and suspecting that he was a thief, had seized him accordingly.

Here was rather an awkward denouement, as he had no right there; the path to the door lay another way. In his anxiety he had trampled down the flower bed. He stammered out some excuse upon his release, and departed home crest-fallen, hoping that they did not suspect his suspicions.

The next morning he received a polite note from the miller, begging him not to repeat his visits, as the dog appeared to have taken a sudden dislike to him, in which he was joined by himself and his daughter. At the same time, to ease his mind as to the state of their affairs, he begged to say that any respectable young man, who pleased his daughter's taste, might have ten thousand down on the wedding day, and as much more at his death.

For once William suspected right, viz: that he had made a fool of himself. Not many months after this, he lost his simple-minded mother. Her death gave him plenty of exercise for his miserable fault; for he was continually laying traps for the servants, as if they had been so many mice, to catch them out in their little peculations, until his espionage made all around him so uncomfortable that many of the old domestics left the farm in disgust.

Whenever he met me, he was full of some deeply laid plan to find out some miserable suspected one, and often in the midst of his self-sufficient tale, he would start off on a sudden without any apology, because a suspicion had flashed across his mind that he had not locked his corn-bin or preserve-cupboard before he left home.

His whole occupation seemed to be to find out things that would make him uncomfortable. The food preserved for his own table he constantly dotted or nicked, that he might see, upon its being brought to table again, whether any one had ventured to purloin the smallest particle.

He had a habit of laying straws in key-holes, that would be displaced upon the slightest attempt to insert a key, and discover the intended thief. I have known him walk to a considerable distance, and then return and push the door, to assure himself that the lock had been shut.

He once got in his own trap. One night late, he had an engagement to go to some neighboring dance, so he went all the servants to bed and locked the back and front door, and, to make all secure, hid the ponderous key. On his return, he could not for the life of him think of the hiding place; he therefore had some hours to walk up and down in the night air before day dawn, when the imprisoned servants discovered him feeling about in hen-coops and under thatches for the missing key. At last his hiding place struck his memory, and he had the mortification of withdrawing it before the tittering servants, who thus discovered his suspicions, and the retribution on himself in his long night-watch.

His father, who had now grown too aged to attend to the farm, left it entirely under his control. Here his suspicions had nearly finished him off—for he suspected, during his harvest, that his shocks were pulled and robbed in the night. He therefore hired a clown to sit up as a watchman, armed with an old double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. The first night his suspicions would not let him sleep. This watchman might be bribed to connivance, and he got laughed at. He was soon dressed, and creeping along the hedge, where his suspicions were verified by hearing low murmuring voices. He crawled close in their vicinity, and there discovered that it was the poor fellow's wife, who had brought him something comfortable for his supper. He crept back cautiously, but stumbling over the root of a tree, roused the attention of the watchman, who challenged him immediately. He lay still for a moment, hoping he should escape observation in the darkness of the night; but upon his first attempt to raise himself, he received about a dozen slugs in his arm and back, for his watchman was a better shot than he suspected. The picking out of these by the village surgeon, was a positive satisfaction to the many to whom his character had become pretty well known.

Thus he went on, until his father's death left him entirely alone, for his suspicious mind never allowed him to form a friendship, which can only be true and valuable, where there is a mutual confidence, and an openness of character. He, by his suspicious nature, had locked himself within himself, which is the most fearful of imprisonments.

His father's wealth enabled him to please his fancy—so to set his mind at ease, he sold the farm, that he might, as he thought, be freed from a host of pilferers. He built himself a house, in the croft I mentioned at the beginning of the tale, the very prototype of himself. It had a most suspicious look—it had but one door, but windows were placed so that he could see all that was going on on every side.

He had only one domestic, an old cripple without relation, who was too lame to go out, and of course had no visitors. It was well known in the neighborhood that he had withdrawn large sums from the different country bankers, where it had been invested by his father, and it was wrongly believed that he kept it in the house, as he suspected that these speculative gentlemen might one fine morning turn out to be insolvent. His walls were confined to within sight of his solitary mansion, the precincts of which he was never known to leave as age crept on him, but wandered about like an unquiet spirit around his imposed tomb.

In the course of time his old domestic was conveyed to the village churchyard, much less solitary than the abode which he had left.

For a moment the old man stood and gazed after the business, his white hair blown about by the cold wintry wind, and his shrivelled hand shading his eyes. He turned slowly from the sight and closed the door.

Many were the kind offers from the simple people of the village, but all offers he resolutely declined, as he suspected that his age and wealth were calculated upon to a wily, and a thumping legacy looked forward to as the reward of some trifling attention. Distant relations began to hover round him and make tender inquiries. These he always met on the doorstep, which was his only audience-chamber for such callers.

That solitary old man sat, as long as daylight lasted, at a window overlooking the high-road. Here he passed his life in reading and watching. The same window showed a light burning during the hours of darkness, for he always appeared on his guard, as upon any person approaching nearer than usual to the premises, his ears were saluted by the deep growl of his dog, which never left the house any more than his master.

About two years after the decease of his housekeeper, the nightly light was missed from the window, for it had become quite a guide to many coming to the village. This of course caused some of the more curious to approach the house in the daylight, and reconnoitre. But there sat the solitary, apparently deeply occupied with his book, and also the dog peering through the glass. This satisfied them, and they departed.

A week had elapsed, and the village was alarmed by the appearance of Mawby's dog, careering in a wild manner through the village. Upon being noticed, he sped back to the croft. Many followed him, and upon approaching the house and looking up at the window, they perceived the old man still sitting unmoved, although the glass pane had been smashed by the dog's exit. After repeated calls, which met with no attention, they forced their way into the house.

Everything in the chamber was neat and comfortable. There sat the poor old man in his large arm-chair, dead and alone. Of what value were those riches now which had closed his heart against all the pleasures of this beautiful world, against the possession of a wife, children, kindred, friends? There was no will, for he suspected the moment he made it in any one's favor, that would be his last moment of security. It therefore spread itself for more evil, and was split into forty lawsuits, for the benefit of every one but the rightful heirs.

We make some further extracts from the "Experiences of Literature and Literary men," in *Jerrild's News*:

Among the disgraceful actions of the British Government, had been the encouragement of the most unprincipled libellers of the people of France, individually and collectively. One of the foremost of this race of unprincipled forgers was the notorious Lewis Goldsmith. He had already put together the "Revolutionary Plutarch," or a history of the different individuals that figured in public life in France, in two volumes, in 1804, and of all the characters, by the most atrocious fictions, he made monsters to work upon the prejudices of John Bull. He next forged memoirs of Talleyrand, in two volumes, in which he painted the wary politician as a monster of treachery, lust, cruelty, and hypocrisy, as if from his personal knowledge, so as to stagger the most credulous. Not content with attacking the male sex, he litted the females in a farrago which he styled the "Female Revolutionary Plutarch," and a front door, and, to make all secure, hid the ponderous key. On his return, he could not for the life of him think of the hiding place; he therefore had some hours to walk up and down in the night air before day dawn, when the imprisoned servants discovered him feeling about in hen-coops and under thatches for the missing key. At last his hiding place struck his memory, and he had the mortification of withdrawing it before the tittering servants, who thus discovered his suspicions, and the retribution on himself in his long night-watch.

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ed for some years, and was a place much visited by Sheridan. We could make nothing of the notions of this singular character, for whom Colton had a great deference. He was a stout bony man, dressed in black. His publications were a curious medley of metaphysics and politics. His "Travels to discover the Source of Moral Motion, and the Apocalypse of Nature wherein the Source of Moral Motion is discovered," had appeared in 1789.

From the London Examiner.

Some Notions about Imagination Corrected.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

In the present age nearly all people are critics, even to the pen, and treat the gravest writers with a sort of taproom familiarity. If they are dissatisfied they throw a short and spent cigar in the face of the offender: if they are pleased, they lift the candidate up by his legs, and send him away with a hearty slap on the shoulder. Some of the shorter, when they are bent to mischief, drag a twig in the gutter, and drag it across their polished boots: on the contrary, when they are inclined to be gentle and generous, they leap boisterously upon our knees, and kiss us with bread-and-butter in their mouths. But neither the place which this sheet is to occupy, nor the brotherhood in whose behalf I am writing, make it incumbent on me to continue at any great length these remarks. I would rather settle them right about a matter which they seem in general much to have misunderstood, namely, the ensigns and ensign-bearers of Imagination.

We will ascend from the critics to the class of poets whose most luscious fruits attract them in the greatest number. These poets are fond of playing a little go with fairies and witches, and other such idle out-of-the-way creatures; whereas the better, and truer, and stronger, half always a body in readiness to put his soul into. Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, have infinitely more imagination than any of those to whom the quality is peculiarly attributed. It is not inconsistent with vigor and gravity. There may be a large and effuse light without "the notes that people the sunbeams."

Imagination follows the steps of Homer throughout the *Troil*, from the ships on the strand to Priam and Helen on the walls; Imagination played with the baby Astyanax at the departure of Hector from Andromache, and was present at the noblest scene in all the *Iliad*, where (to repeat a verse of Cowper more beautiful than Homer's own of Achilles)

On the old man's head, and pushed it gently away.

No less potently does imagination urge on *Aeschylus* from the range of beacons to the bath of Agamemnon; nor expand less potently the volume's wing over the lacerated bosom on Caucasus. With the earliest flowers on the fresh-crested earth Imagination strewed the nuptial couch of Eve. Not Ariel, nor Caliban, but Eve and Satan, and Prometheus, are the most wonderful and the most glorious of her works. Imagination takes the weaker hand of Virgil out of Dante's, and guides the Florentine exile through the triple world. Southey, when it is become the fashion to decry and supersede, showed in *Thalaba* and *Kehana* incomparably more imagination than any other of his contemporaries, not excepting Keats: it shines out gloriously in Alfred Tennyson; and in Aubrey de Vere it penetrates the innermost depths of a profound and capacious mind.

House in which Napoleon was Born.

In the immediate vicinity of la Place du Marche is the little retired square called Place Leizitz, in which stands the house where Napoleon Bonaparte was born. On asking permission to sketch the interior my request was courteously granted; but I observed, the worthy family studiously avoided coming in contact with me, owing to the false report which the agent of the French police had set afoot respecting my being employed by our government as a spy. A servant of the house was allowed to wait upon me, and from her I learned the particular history of this noted mansion. All the rooms were respectably furnished: the one in which Napoleon was born had curtains hanging from its windows, as tender almost as tissue-paper, which the female attendant informed me were not allowed to be touched, except with the greatest possible care.

"For all things here," said she, "even to the chairs and tables, are held in the greatest veneration by the family who occupy the house, and are, indeed, regarded as sacred, because they all existed when Napoleon was born in this apartment."

Six Weeks in Corsica.

Editor of *Courier*.

Burke wrote as follows to his capacious friend Barry, while studying his art at Rome: "Tint you have just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often I do not say doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconcile it to others, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scoffing with every one about us. Again, and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own."

On Mrs. Butler's Reading from Shakespeare. O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped! Leaving us heirs to such rich heritage Of all the best thoughts of the greatest ages, And giving tongues unto the silent dead! How our hearts glow and tremble as she reads! Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages Of the great poet who forms the ages, Anticipating all that shall be said; O happy reader! having for thy text The magic book, whose Sybilian leaves have caught The rarest essence of all human thought! O happy Poet! by magic text! How must thy listening spirit now rejoice To be interpreted by such a voice!

THE MEMOIRS.

The following lines are from the pen of James R. Lowell, and possess quite as much undeniable truth as elegant poetry:

Haik! the rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish cordlines;
Here comes one whose cheeks would flush
But to have her garments brush
"Glad the girl whose fingers him
Wove the weary brocade in;
Angels! midnight chill and morn,
Stitched her life into the work—
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest the tears her silk might soil;
Shipping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and Forget-me-not;
Satisfying her despair
With the emblem worst there!

Lord Byron.—The Edinburgh Review and its Contributors.

We again copy some of the lively gossip of the *Examiner* in *Jerrild's News*: A remarkable proof of the unprincipled character of criticism I well remember occurred in the case of Byron, and his "Hours of Idleness," published when their author was but eighteen years old, and highly creditable to those talents which were afterwards to cast confusion upon the spirit in which the *Edinburgh Review* handled them. The reviewers no doubt imagined young Byron a sucking Tory, and pronounced judgment and sentence accordingly. Never was even party criticism more ungenerous or false. With a hundred others in the same work, it was clearly a party affair. This review goes down to posterity—judiciously attached to the poems in one of Murray's editions of Byron, where it will be read when the *Review* itself is no more. I quote its close thus, from that work:—"We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but has the sway of Newton Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful, and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth!" This produced Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." That poem went through four editions. The review that caused it appeared in 1807.

I well recollect the noise made by the notice of this attack in the *Edinburgh*, when the satire appeared; a proof that the public felt that party spirit governed the criticism. Some of the leading writers have since published their contributions to the *Review*, and several of them, who would have done better for their credit to have kept their vanity under, were forced to apologise for unjust criticisms, and to alter passages which, as anonymous writers, they had put forth. There are times when anonymous publication may be expedient, or a matter of choice, but every one who writes anonymously, if an honourable person, can never be ashamed of what he writes. How many of their own contributions they omitted altogether, in their recent publications, the public can never know. The system was fully appreciated, and the *Quarterly Review* naturally arose in opposition to it, pursuing a similar system on the Tory side.

The *Edinburgh Review* was begun in 1802, and had it supported those Liberal principles alone, under which it was established, and had it but made high feeling its guide, it would have deserved unalloyed praise. That it had high merit in relation to those times there is no doubt. Those who cannot remember the intense bigotry, the slavish feeling, the state of the judicial bench, a tool in the hands of the Crown, the Test and Corporation Acts in force, the press enslaved, illiberality, and ignorance in a hundred forms triumphant, can only imagine the utility of such a work at that precise moment. The most original, honest, and clever of the contributors was undoubtedly the Rev. Sidney Smith, the first editor, but only I believe for about a year when he came to London to reside. Mr. now Lord, Jeffrey became editor, and he had for a contributor the present, now absent from his then self, Lord Brougham, who had been at first a Tory and then a Whig reviewer; and, climbing to popularity that way, and using the last for his private end of rank and place, turned again to his early predilections. Lord Murray was another of the early contributors. The sneers in the *Edinburgh* at the slave Abolitionists are said to have been the work of Brougham, who afterwards, with that happy facility of adapting his principles to the personal interests of the moment, took the opposite side of the question. Of editors, Mr. Jeffrey was confessedly the first of his day. He was not only, when he pleased, an acute, impartial, and learned critic, but he possessed that general knowledge which qualified him for examining and testing the soundness of the writings of others on a variety of topics. This long-standing work, with all its defects, did great good to Freedom, and much service to Liberal principles down to the time when Jeffrey resigned the renowned editorship. Then, indeed, Liberal principles had become steady enough to make their own way. There was this difference too, between the *Edinburgh* and its rival, of which we shall presently speak, that the *Edinburgh* appeared with a large part of Toryism, all the fashion of the day, and all writers in place, of known fame, Church, State, and power against it. But the talents of the men I have named were powerful and far beyond any the Tories could muster. It was doubly so with reason fighting against corruption, bad policy, and injustice. Strength and sound sense were its characteristics in the main, and to this was added the humour of Sidney Smith, purely his own, original, playful, and, when necessary, superlatively contemptuous. The *Quarterly* never exhibited any thing approaching the humor of Peter Plymley, as Smith was often styled. Ever the friend of the friendless, his serious were equal to his humorous papers. Smith left no compeer. His first review was the dawning of the after man. I must give it all. A Dr. Longford had preached a very dull sermon on behalf of the Humane Society. Sidney wrote:—

"An accident which happened to the gentleman reviewing this sermon, proved, in the most striking manner, the importance of this charity by restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Longford's discourse lying open before him in a state of most profound sleep, from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Royal Humane Society, flung in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot fannels, and carefully moving the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers. The only account he could give of himself was, that he remembered reading on regularly, till he came to the following pathetic account of a drowned tradesman; beyond which he recollects nothing."

I ever looked upon Sidney Smith with a feeling of respect and envy—respect for his manly support of all that was philanthropic and good, envy at his pure English style and exquisite humor.

I went one day to St. Paul's to hear the Bishop of London, Dr. Belby Porteus, of whose poem on Death I had heard much. It was a poor affair. The want of eloquence and animation compared to Sidney Smith was striking. Venerable in years, then 75, the good bishop might have lost some of his former power. Porteous had succeeded Lowth, and I expected more, perhaps, than I had a right to do. Smith was eloquent, earnest, and touching. Porteus's sermon was like ninety-nine out of a hundred modern sermons, every day as to matter, flat, cold, and lifeless. I, too, was always, and still remain, fond of the French preachers. The beauty of their

pulpit eloquence has not been surpassed. Saurin was an early favorite of mine. Massillon, Bourdeaux, and Bossuet, I never greatly admired.

We have spoken of Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars. He was a native of London, and became a bookseller at Leicester, and prosecuted for publishing Paine's "Rights of Man," and imprisoned for it twelve months. His house and shop were burned by accident at Leicester, and he came up to London and opened business. He was a prior and editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. We used to lounge in his shop, and to meet there several noted men long since in the grave. Among these were Thelwall, who was tried, with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, for belonging to a society, of which William Pitt had been one, and of the sentiments and principles of which he had avowed his approbation.

England had her reign of terror under Pitt, as well as France under Robespierre. Pitt's Ministry had talked of a list of persons to be decimated, and Fox was said to have been in the list, if the court had succeeded in the monstrous convictions and bloodshed it desired of the members of the corresponding society. Pitt took away the old cap of maintenance from our copper coin, because the French had a cap of Liberty, and stuck a prong in its place. People said he substituted a dung-fork for the cap of Liberty.

We did not know Horne Tooke, but recollect seeing him and hearing of his dinners at Wimbledon House, which we always regarded as a classical spot, from the "Divisions of Purley" and his contest with Junius. Tooke had but a small income. His visitors used to send him presents—one a pipe of wine, another venison, and so on, for the pleasure of dining with him. I remember it was said that while Burdett was his scholar the latter got all his notoriety, but returned gradually to his own miserable and mean natural character after Tooke died.

The *Edinburgh*.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* recalls the public attention to the singular effects of this drug, the produce of the Indian hemp, which, particularly in France, since 1846, has been a matter of interest in its connexion with medicine. French authors of distinction have published memoirs on the subject, M. Virey attempting to prove it the Nempeus of Homer; Sylvester de Sacy finding in it the charms practised by the Assassins. But the author Theodore Gautier, has given the most wonderful account of its effects—*from his own sensations*.

"The Orientalists," says he, "have, in consequence of the interdiction of wine, sought that species of excitement which the western nations derive from alcoholic drinks. The love of the ideal is so dear to man, that he attempts, as far as he can, to relax, the ties which bind the body to the soul; and as the means of being in an ecstatic state are not in the power of all, one person drinks for gaiety, another smokes for forgetfulness, a third devotes momentary madness—one under the form of wine, the others under that of tobacco and hashish. He then proceeds to say, that a few minutes after swallowing some of the preparation, a sudden overwhelming sensation took possession of him. It appeared to him that his body was dissolved, that he had become transparent. He clearly saw in his chest the hashish which he had swallowed, under the form of an emerald, from which a thousand little sparks issued. His eyelashes were lengthened out indefinitely, and rolled like threads of gold around ivory balls, which turned with an inconceivable rapidity. Around him were splendorous precious stones of all colors, changes continually produced, like the play of the kaleidoscope. He every now and then saw his friends who were round him disfigured—half-men, half-plants, some with the wings of the ostrich, which they were constantly shaking. So strange were these, that he burst into fits of laughter; and to join in the apparent ridiculousness of the affair, he began throwing the cushions in the air, catching and turning them with the rapidity of an Indian juggler. One gentleman spoke to him in Italian, which the hashish transposed into Spanish. After a few minutes he recovered his habitual calmness, without any bad effect, without headache, and only astonished at what had passed. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed before he fell again under the influence of the drug. On this occasion the vision was more complicated and more extraordinary. In the air there were millions of butterflies, confusedly luminous, shaking their wings like fans. Gigantic flowers with chalice of crystal, large peonies upon beds of gold and silver, rose and surrounded him with the crackling sound that accompanies the explosion in the air of fire-works. His hearing acquired new power; it was enormously developed. He heard the noise of colors. Green, red, blue, yellow, sounds reached him in waves. A glass thrown down, the cracking of a sofa, a word pronounced low, vibrated and rolled within him like peals of thunder. His own voice sounded so loud that he feared to speak, lest he should knock down the walls, or explode like a rocket. More than five hundred clocks struck the hour with fleet, silvery voice; and every object touched gave a note like the harmonica or the *Flöten* harp. He swam in an ocean of sound, where floated, like isles of light, some of the stars of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and the "Barber of Seville." Never did similar bliss overwhelm him with its waves; he was lost in a wilderness of sweets; he was not himself; he was relieved from consciousness, that feeling which always pervades the mind; and for the first time he comprehended what might be the state of existence of elementary beings, of angels, of souls separated from the body: all his system seemed infected with the fantastic coloring in which he was plunged. Sounds, perfume, light, reached him only by minute rays, in the midst of which he heard magic currents whistling about. According to his calculation this state lasted about three hundred years; for the sensations were so numerous and so hurried, one upon the other, that a real appreciation of time was impossible. The paroxysm over, he was aware that it had only lasted a quarter of an hour."

"Truth fails not; but her outward forms, that bear the longest date, do melt the frosty time. That in the morning whitened hair and plain, And is no more." [Wordsworth.]